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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, SUMMER, 1954

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The Editor's Page

A MATTER OF SELLING

In this competitive age every business has a bargain or two.

The other day, quite unexpectedly, a member of the resident alumni executive suggested that it might be a commendable idea to *push* the sale of Life Memberships in the Association. As he explained, "There's a bargain".

Up to that point your editor had been remiss in thinking that such a substantial outlay was only for the monied graduates, those advanced in years and secure, alumni of means who found it difficult to remember that their annual membership fee to the Association was \$2.00.

After scurrying around it was confirmed from office records that this form of alumni affiliation is increasing in size and popularity. A substantial segment of our 14,922 graduate potential have settled once and for all with the lifetime rate.

Life Memberships have several redeeming features. The receipt comes ready for framing, in part it resembles a miniature University parchment. As a paid-up Life member of the Association you are entitled to share the rights and privileges that are a part of it. The quarterly publications of *The New Trail* should make a substantial contribution to your library. What's more important, we shall know that nine chances out of ten our correspondence to you will not be returned marked, "not known", "removed", or "return for better direction".

The materialists argue that we're selling the product too cheaply. They say other Universities across Canada are asking \$50.00.

If you recall, such a proposed increase was an agenda item at the 1953 meeting of General Council. But the "nays" had it.

Now it's 1954, and what with the cost of living going up and

THE CAMPUS

It's in the nature of things, but it has always seemed a pity that the undergraduates, and so too the alumni, are denied the opportunity of seeing the campus when its fairest. School's always out.

The summer weather imparts a vivid green mantle, and the flower beds, moulded by skilled hands, are a continuing source of revelation.

But all this for the *visitor's* eye, and for a few brief weeks by summer school students.

MODEL "1955"

Our readers will logically assume that the editor has jumped the gun and placed an order for a new Austin ten years hence. In fact, the "Model" number has to do with a shiny new electric addressograph machine now quartered in the alumni office.

The coloured brochures and sales people say that it can do just about everything when it comes to office assistance, and judging by the bill of lading that's so. It arrived complete with gadgets like a 24 position selector, last plate stop regulator, five figure counter, dater, ejector, lister, and last impression stop. Which means that we are going to be able to reach with facility, and more frequently, a much wider selection of graduates than has ever been possible before.

Some day, when the "1955" has been uncrated, we're going to take a picture of it for illustration in *The New Trail*. What the machine represents is a sizeable investment made by all paid-up graduates, past and present, in the Alumni Association. It is their fee money which has made the purchase possible.

There's no doubt but that through the unlimited versatility and continuous use of the "1955", alumni interest and participation in the Association will strengthen. Henceforth, it is to be our most important medium of keeping *you* informed, and *others* reminded of a responsibility to their Alma Mater.

* * *

PRESS TIME DESPATCH

The president of the University of Alberta, Dr. Andrew Stewart, has announced that at the time of Fall Convocation, October 30th, the honorary degree of LL.D. will be conferred on the following: Dr. W. F. Hanna, Ottawa, Mr. O. S. Longman, Edmonton, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Prior, Asaba, Nigeria, Africa, and Mr. H. P. Wright, Calgary.

A ceremony officially opening the new Agriculture Building on the campus will also be conducted at the time of Fall Convocation.



Ten Years at Los Alamos

BY ETHEL FROMAN

THIS winter the University of California awarded pins to about forty-five Los Alamos employees, "as a token of appreciation of ten years of service." One of our small friends wailed, "But Mommy has been here ten years too!" There were always a few mommies who would rather have been back home in a big city, but most of us feel almost guilty when we remember how happy we were during the war years. We had good housing and schools, excellent free medical care, and, though our husbands worked as much as eighty hours a week, it was at the full time research most of them had dreamed of, and they could live at home. Only a very few of the younger men had any illusions about being of more use to the country as soldiers than as scientists.

In ten years our town has grown from the few stone and log buildings of a very exclusive private school, to a city of thirteen thousand. This is a great deal of growth in a short time. I am sure all my memories come out with the wrong emphasis. I don't think of April twenty-fourth, 1946, as the day of the accident that killed Louis Slotin of Winnipeg, and so nearly killed Al Graves. Instead, I remember how I dreaded having to tell Darol about it when he came home that night after having been tested for high altitude effects at Wright Field; and I remember sitting with little Marilyn Graves that evening while her mother went to the lab., and, with the other physicist, tried to calculate the dosages the men had been exposed to. In my mental picture of Louis Slotin he is kneeling by our fireplace, showing us how to split blocks of calcite from a large, round, slab we brought back from a mine. We still use the blocks as bookends. I take it for granted that the Fermis are two of the most intelligent people I know, but what I remember is that Laura was the first of us to stop wasting time and effort coloring oleomargarine. Otto Frisch is a world famous physicist, but I treasure some drawings he did for us for a quarter at a Girl Scout benefit. Hans Bethe is a very brilliant theoretician, but Rose was the one in authority in the housing office. Even December the second, 1952, was especially significant to me only because it was the birthday of our second daughter. When I read the Smythe report after the war, I realized that, when Darol walked with me to the Lying-In Hospital that evening, he had already had quite a big day. He was one of those present when the first chain reaction was started under the stands at the University of Chicago.

My first faint knowledge of Los Alamos came one evening in Chicago. Several of our friends met for supper, as a farewell party to themselves before they all left

Along with an intriguing title, Ethel Froman, '29, has given us a neat bit of community lore in *Ten Years At Los Alamos*. In her preface she says, "Darol is now technical associate director of the laboratory. Eight years ago we moved down into the Rio Grande valley to a 14-roomed adobe house, 25 acres of desert and cottonwoods—and one sassafras tree. Lately we have been subdividing and we will soon be a part of a suburb of Los Alamos, since all our neighbors are 'Hill' people too. We love to show our adopted country to Albertans. R. W. Boyle, Ray Woodford, Ted Gowan and Claire Tyner have been here, and any of you would be most welcome at any time." The Fromans' address: Box 1663, Los Alamos.

for a new secret project. If Darol had any idea at that time that we might go too, I knew nothing of it. Indeed, after years of trying to appear intelligently interested in physics, I had been made to understand, the year before, that questions were not allowed. That evening our friends spoke of a community of seventy-five scientists with their families, to be moved to a hidden spot to work. We did not stop to wonder who would deliver groceries and keep the community operating. The army took care of that. Of course there was always a difference of opinion on that score. We thought the army was there for our convenience; they considered Los Alamos an army post, with prima donna scientist annoyances.

We were among the first to come. Darol arrived in April, 1943, the day the office was moved up from Santa Fe. I followed a month later with Kay and Eva. A memorandum told us: "The project is situated at an altitude of 7,300 feet in a strip of land approximately two miles wide by eight miles long, running from semi-arid mesa up to timber and woodland about 10,000 feet above set level." At first sight it was not very prepossessing. Our state license plates call this 'The Land of Enchantment'. This seems a true picture to us now, but at first glance, especially to Albertans who see land as something to be tilled and cared for, this country of desert, backed by abrupt harsh-fingered plateaus and mesas, seems so wasteful. The rainbow of colors we now see in every arroyo and mountainside, looked all one shade of dull tan at first. And as for our new "home town", it was a muddle of four-apartment blocks, like army barracks, in a sea of dust. It took us no time at all though to feel at home. The apartments were excellently planned, and our furniture arrived an hour before we did—not a normal state of affairs. The first "good work" of the Women's Club was to collect a supply of household equipment to lend to those whose furniture was weeks late arriving.

I was to be pharmacist for the army hospital, so I settled our home, and ordered supplies for the dispensary. It was twelve years since I had left the University Hospital, and I felt that I remembered very little of what Colonel Dunn and Whit. Matthews had taught me. My confidence rose when I found that even so, I knew more than the young doctors about what we would need for general ailments. I was not the only unsure member of our staff. One of our young doctors, with years of work in cancer research, told me afterwards how worried he was the day I asked him to see whether or not the baby's rash was measles. Somehow we all got through without any obvious errors, and I felt it a high compliment when I was told three years later that I had filled the job adequately—taken up no extra housing.

Most of the wives who were able to work did so. We got our housework done somehow, considered the meetings at the public laundry as happy social occasions, and found time to entertain each other and the young people and the soldiers in our husbands' groups. Our meat rationing was much tighter here than in Canada, but, since we bought from an army commissary, there was always something available, and we all became experts at serving hamburger to guests as though it were something much more exotic. Most of us had brought only part of our silver and china, the dinettes were small, but those evenings when too many people crowded in to eat camouflaged hamburger, were very wonderful. Few of us played bridge in those

years. Our favorite entertainment consisted of silly parlor games, but when a group of genius type men relax with a guessing game, the results are often surprising. One evening Edward Teller and Enrico Fermi asked each other questions using the World Almanac for reference. I have always been ashamed at how much more these people from Europe know about our country than we do. Fermi did not know the number of cars in the United States, but *of course* he knew the population and the number of cars *per capita*, so was able to answer that question. The Fermis were stumped once. We played 'Clues', with the story based on our idea that a fright is a cure for hiccoughs. This 'cure' is not used in Italy, so the story had no point for the Fermis.

We women were not beautiful. The men were allowed to go to the army barbers for haircuts, but there was no beauty parlor, and no universal use of home permanents as there is now. The standard costume was blue jeans, although I was a little more dressed up as I was given a tan and white striped wrap-around affair from WAC stocks. I don't remember thinking people looked ugly. Perhaps their youth helped. We were then among the few "older" ones—and we still are. It has always been a young community. And what a prolific one! At one time there were fifteen hundred children in school, and the same number too young for kindergarten. The first year there was only one graduate from High School, and our eleven year old Kay was in constant demand as a baby-sitter.

There was always talk of our being closed in tight but the final step was never taken. However, we had to have passes to get into town and we still do, and only those with special badges can get in the working area. My badge was S-1, as for steamfitters. I could get in when necessary, which meant when I needed to get to the chemistry stock room for vaseline or boric acid or something else I had forgotten to order from the army catalogue. We may now have social visitors in our homes if we apply for special passes for them, but during the war we could not. One of the memoranda I have saved says: "Under no circumstances must any project employee go to parties or dances in nearby communities or maintain any other social contacts except for quiet visits with their families." This made it hard for those who had lived all their lives in Santa Fe or the small towns close by. When we got letters from Canada they had Scotch tape on both ends, having been censored once at the border and once by the army. By sticking closely to news about food, the children, and our weekly picnics, I was able to avoid trouble all but once. That time I was called before a serious censor, who said I had mentioned a farm in the valley, and who did I know that lived off the Post? I must have sounded just too stupid to be harmful, but I could think of no one I knew who lived in the valley. Later I decided I must have mentioned the rabbit we had had as a change from frozen beef. It had been brought to us by one of the medics whose wife taught school in the valley in order to be near him. Even now I write letters with a sense of caution.

We have always enjoyed life at Los Alamos, perhaps because we come from small towns, Innisfree and Ponoka. We never felt a need for the plays and music and bustle of a big city. One of the most wonderful evening's entertainment we ever

attended was the first concert, sponsored by the Girl Scouts. Everyone took part. The school children gave skits and sang; Spanish-American girls sang *Ceilito Lindo*, which was every bit as surprising as when French-Canadian friends sang *Alouette* at a wedding in Montreal; and dancers came up from two of the Indian pueblos and did the Eagle and Hoop dances better than we have ever seen them done since. The final number was 'Don't Fence Me In', sung by the school chorus.

Most of us are not far from pioneer background, and we all appreciated the help and co-operation in our new town. Our housing was assigned to us according to the number of children we had, and rent was collected according to salaries. This has not lasted. After the war permanent housing was built on other mesas, and now we can choose what part of town we prefer. Since there is a chronic housing shortage, are social ambitions are often thwarted. At first there was an army chaplain, and it was proven that all denominations of Christians and Jews can get along together and worship in the same end of an army barracks. Now we have 'civilization' again. We can take a choice of twenty-two different churches, including two kinds of Lutheran. And we have Community Concerts, Inc. We used to go to the Lodge after supper to listen to Otto Frisch play the piano. The Europeans were a fine addition to our social life as well as to the lab. One party I remember especially. There were several couples present, Swiss, Bavarians, Italians, Germans, French, Polish, all so bright, and the conversation sparkled and snapped. The only trouble was that the accents were quite thick, and it was a real effort to hear and understand all that was going on. They were all Americans but the Fromans—and had papers to prove it.

Water has always been a problem at Los Alamos. Now there are deep wells in the Rio Grande valley, and water is pumped by stages two thousand feet up to the town. There are acres and acres of green lawn, so precious that if we do not take proper care of it ourselves, the Zia company, which maintains the town, does it for us and charges us eleven dollars a week. The use of so much water still shocks us. We think back to the days when we got memoranda saying "Do not take baths unless it is absolutely necessary", a state that was never clearly defined. We still turn the tap off after wetting a tooth brush. The water supply for the little original school came from a dam higher up in the mountains. Once a 2"×4" got lodged in the intake pipe; another time engineers who had always lived in the south buried the pipe only a few inches underground and the water froze. There was one week when all our water was hauled up from the valley in washed-out gasoline trucks. Every evening we collected at the corner with whatever containers we had. We were fortunate because our neighbor was in Supply, and gave us an empty five-gallon tin. The smell and sheen of oil was never washed away, but the water was so highly chlorinated it was obvious no germ could live in it. Our silver turned black, and our precious silk hose rotted, but our insides did not seem to suffer.

At first we got all our mail re-directed from our last post office. Then came a great concession, "From Sunday, the 25th of April, we shall make no effort to conceal from our friends where we are. This means you can give to your correspondents the mailing address, P.O. Box 1663, Santa Fe, New Mexico." It would

still have been very hard to find us, as Santa Fe did a fine job of pretending we did not exist, in spite of "booms" that they now insist cracked their adobe walls. We continued to do business with our home banks, and this was not complicated as there is no exchange charge between banks here as there is in Canada. Also our periodicals were not sent directly to us, and on my first New Mexico driver's license, after name, there is a number, 156. The security reasoning for this was that there should be no listing of personnel. Even the first babies were apparently born in a post office box.

We still find Los Alamos a very fine place to live. We like the high altitude and the even greater number of hours of sunshine than life in Alberta taught us to think is our right. There is skiing a few miles up a mountain road, skating in a deep canyon where the sun cannot shine, and we do not even own winter coats. We can fish in the mountain streams, climb mountains, and go to an endless variety of soot-blackened caves and Indians ruins. It may be that we even like to be fenced in. At a big general meeting recently the vote was overwhelmingly for remaining a closed city. The reasons? No unemployment, no vagrancy—and no completely unexpected company. We used to spend our evenings worrying about how we could become a "normal" town. Now we like it the way it is.



\$1,250,000 Provincial Auditorium on Campus

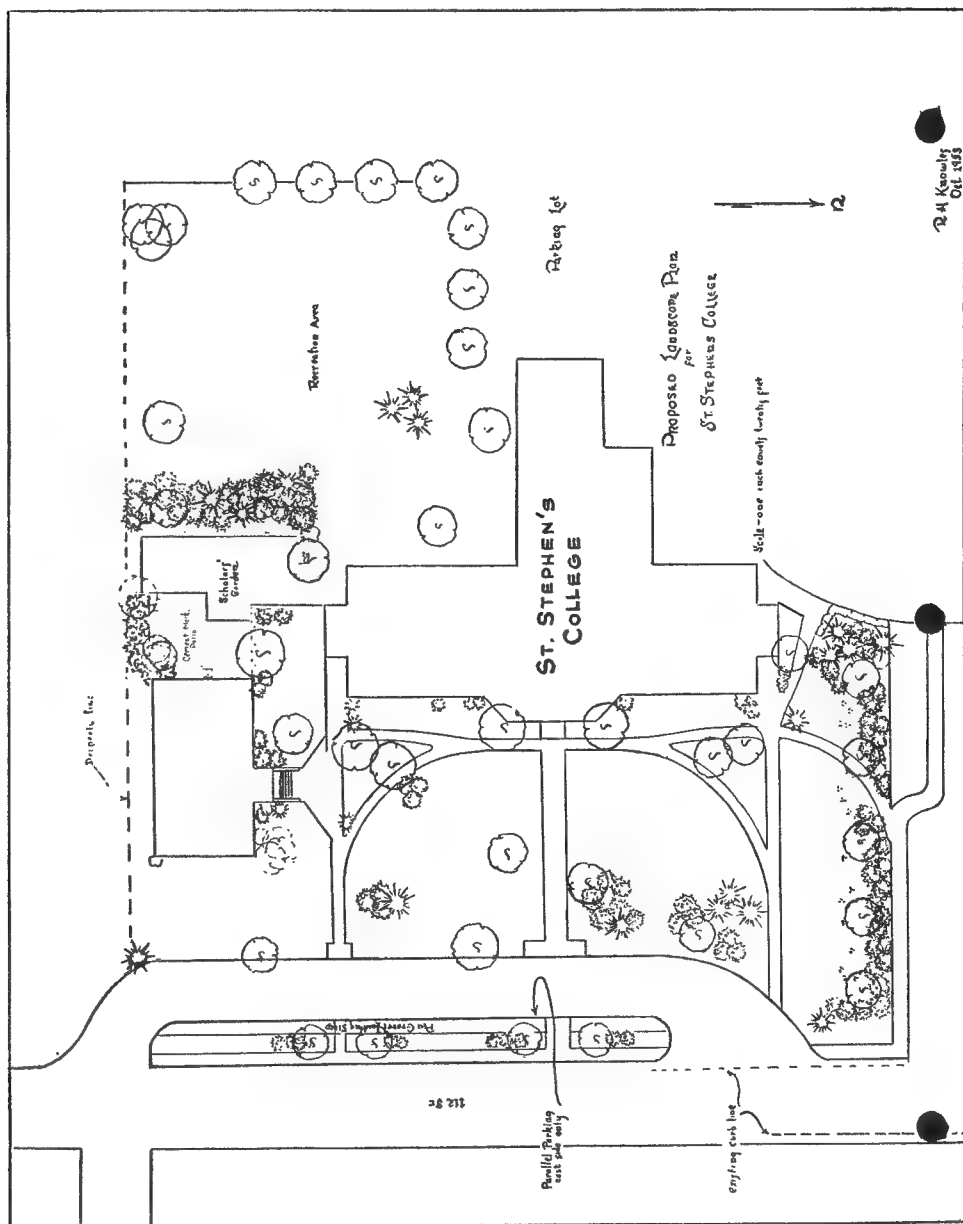
Plans and specifications are now being completed for the construction of a \$1,250,000 provincial auditorium on the campus to commemorate Alberta's fiftieth anniversary in 1955. The large building will cover about one and one-half acres and face on 87th Avenue, replacing the agricultural plots immediately west of the Varsity Rink. It is expected that the auditorium will measure 200 feet in width and 240 feet in depth. An additional eight and one-half acres of adjacent land will be used for landscaping and parking.

New School of Physical Education

Commencing with the 1954-55 session, the University of Alberta will have its own school of physical education. Director of the school will be Dr. Maury Van Vliet, now head of the department.

The change was authorized in view of the importance attached to instruction in physical education and also to conform with the status given similar instruction by other universities such as McGill, Toronto and the University of British Columbia.

The school will conduct a program for all students and the four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Education will be maintained. The council of the school will include Professor D. R. Wilson of the department of medicine and Dean Smith of the faculty of education.



ST. STEPHEN'S TAKES ON A NEW LOOK

Next spring, graduates returning to take a peek at the campus will be amazed at the transformation in St. Stephen's College.

The property adjacent to it is being completely re-landscaped. The area west of the building, between the College and the Infirmary, is to be hard surfaced and used by the University as a parking area. Something novel will be the introduction of a new road and entrance to the College grounds directly from 88 Avenue, turning to the right and paralleling 112 Street. The exit from the College will be located opposite the Tuck Shop, and the lawns in front are to be completely revamped. Spacious sidewalks will extend from the entrances to the new roadway. Attractive trees and shrubs will be planted and a bank of perennial flowers made to extend along the north hedge.

The new Theological unit is surrounded by lawn, and to the west has been added a most attractive Scholars' Garden. This nook is in the form of a patio with an adjoining lawn, bounded by shrubs and hedges, and a distinctive floral arrangement extending along the west border. The "Garden" is used for outdoor lectures and other out-of-door activities.

To complete the new outside decore, provision has been made to completely rebuild the north and south entrance steps. Attractive iron railings have been added and the main doors of the College refinished.

Inside, major alterations and additions are going on apace. The building has been completely rewired, new beds have replaced the old. A new organ graces the chapel, and green carpeting has been placed on its floor.

Accommodation at the College continues to be at a premium. It was well filled during the current summer school session, and there is a long waiting list for the fall term.

Dr. E. J. Thompson, Principal of the College, informs THE NEW TRAIL that the number of students offering themselves for Arts and Theology is steadily increasing.

An Interview with Dr. Sonet

BY EDITH PARK

Associate Editor, The New Trail

WHEN we asked Dr. Edouard Sonet for a recent photograph of himself for this article he replied that unfortunately none was available but he suggested that if we dug one up that we run it with the caption, "He is older now".

The fact of the matter is that we couldn't locate such a likeness, so you'll have to take our word for it that the years have dealt very kindly with our well-remembered French professor, and though his hair may be a little whiter he has lost none of the spring in his step nor the verve and charm that his old students will recall so well.

Dr. and Mrs. Sonet spent last winter on the Riviera near Cannes and in the spring motored through France, Switzerland and Germany. They were stopping in Edmonton on their way home to Victoria when we had the pleasure of a short visit with them last July. At the time the crisis in France was headlined and we wondered what would be the impressions of a Frenchman returning to France after many years in Canada.

"We went to France," said Dr. Sonet, "prepared to be disappointed," but, while admitting that there was much on the debit side, he felt, newspaper reports to the contrary, that there was also a great deal that was encouraging in his country's post-war recovery. The countryside had been exceptionally lovely and green even in late August. Fields were well cultivated and cared for and crops had been exceedingly good, so that there had been surplus wheat for export.

As an example of reconstruction he cited the city of St. Malo, which is of course of special interest to Canadians as the birthplace of Jacques Cartier. The old seaport had been completely demolished during the war but was now rebuilt in the same stone as the original. Beautiful apartments and stores had been built. Trees again lined the French roads, and the arteries, even local ones, were in good repair, a point any Albertan could appreciate. Some three thousand bridges have been rebuilt, soundly engineered and artistic in form.

One thing that had impressed Dr. and Mrs. Sonet was the change in the youth of France. Where formerly travel had been a luxury for the few, now in the summer months they found the whole population on the move. In buses, on bicycles and the popular "Vespa" motorcycles, whole families were taking to the roads. Everywhere they found camps for young people and a greater interest in sports and outdoor activities.

We ventured to ask him what he thought of the recurrent crises in government. He explained that there is evidenced a movement towards giving the executive more power and that underneath the apparent instability in French government there is a continuity. Although the cabinet may fall, often the people who hold high positions remain in the government. He cited as examples Foreign Ministers Bidault and Schumann. The real direction of affairs falls largely to the civil service, who are experienced and well trained. The country, he felt, was socially well advanced and much had been done in the field of welfare.

On the vital question of E.D.C., Dr. Sonet explained that cooler heads in France feel that E.D.C., if not good, is at least the lesser of two evils. But there are too many people who cannot forget the bitter memories of past wars. He found little room for hatred and in general the people were tired of war. He felt that in time fears and hatred would be forgotten.

Was communism a power in French politics? "There are," said Dr. Sonet, "perhaps five million who vote communist because the average working man cannot make ends meet when he gets a salary equivalent to about \$80 a month." He felt that with improvement of economic conditions, communism would lose ground. The west would do better, perhaps, if instead of talking so much about communism as a bogey, it would study communism and try to understand the secret of its power.

The Indo-China war, he said, was generally unpopular, it being a drain on the country's youth and on the army which France could not stand. It had continued as long as it had only because of pressure from the United States.

The most encouraging fact in present-day France is the increasing birth rate, which gives hope that France may one day recover from the dreadful blows dealt by two world wars in which the best of the country's youth were killed. But it would take many years for the effect to be felt. "Everyone knows," said the professor, "that the history of France has been dramatic, the country has been always on the border of the precipice, but there has always been a resurgence." He cited a newspaper report in 1921 which suggested that the 1914-1918 war had been suicide for France. The present conditions, he implied, were not new and there is still hope that France will recover as she has in the past.

They found in travelling that Canadians are respected abroad. Much of this goodwill, they thought, was due to Europe's admiration for our Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson.

Dr. Sonet was much impressed by the notable expansion of the University since his retirement but confessed to being a little sad to return and find so few familiar faces—and no French club!

When queried about future plans, Dr. Sonet would not say definitely that he was ready to retire to a bucolic life with garden and cow, as we used to hear.

However, about one thing he was confident, "I will not be idle." He plans, among other things, to write a book on France, seen through North American eyes, and dealing with his impressions of youth in the two countries.

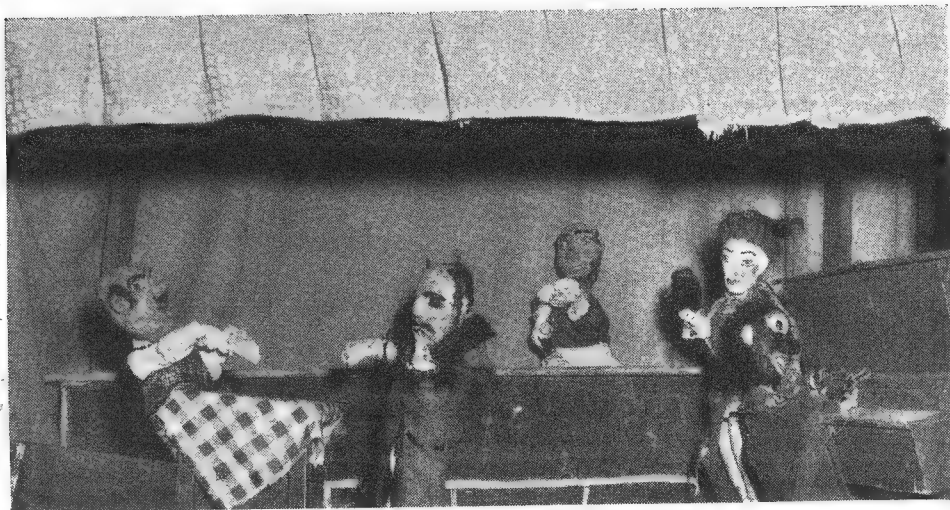


Former Alumni Secretary Visits Campus

It was a distinct pleasure to meet with J. C. G. Brown, first permanent secretary of the alumni association, and compare brief notes with him recently.

"Gordon" was accompanied by his wife, and they were out from Ottawa, where he is on the staff of the Department of External Affairs. The Browns have just returned from Switzerland after spending three years at the Canadian Legation in Berne.





Puppet Tour, 1954

By CARL HARE

WHEN the four of us met at six o'clock on that Monday morning, May 17th, we didn't know what was in store, and all were more than a little apprehensive of what lay ahead.

We were all university students—Sheila Monaghan, Clara Angelvedt, Gilbert Brinsmead and myself—and the tour had to be financially successful in order that we might return to university. The whole affair was purely speculative, with no guarantees whatsoever. We were already in debt to get the show on the road: equipment, a car, and living expenses still had to be paid for. There were other worries too. Only the first week of the tour had been booked when we left; all other bookings were merely tentative—and the tour had to last six weeks in order to show a profit. We were doubtful of reaching the bookings we had in our first week, for the roads had been banned for at least three days because of the heavy spring rains.

The idea of a puppet tour had formulated for three years before we took definite action. Last October, I discussed the idea with Frank Glenfield, former business manager of the Studio Theatre. He thought the scheme had possibilities and agreed to help organize a tour. Without his assistance, it never would have begun, much less succeeded. Four people, we decided, could manage a complete puppet show without hardship; the three others invited to join were education students, all of whom had been at the top of their class in the acting and directing courses given at the university, and all active in drama generally.

Anyone who has had the pleasure of travelling our highways and byways in the spring will appreciate and sympathize with the fortunes of the gallant band of four puppeteers poignantly outlined in **Puppet Tour, 1954**.

Now that a group had been tentatively assembled, there was the problem of making a tour profitable. Frank solved this by interesting the Cultural Activities Branch of the Department of Economic Affairs in our endeavour. They made connections with the Department of Education, and it was agreed that we could tour country schools, putting on shows and giving lectures on puppets. Cultural Activities would arrange the tour for us; beyond that point we were on our own.

The period of preparation was jammed into a space of less than two weeks, from April 30th until May 10th, when we planned to play in Edmonton. The final show was broken up into four plays, between which were given talks on puppetry and the plays themselves. Each person was responsible for one play; Sheila wrote and produced *Boots*, a satiric fairy tale; Clara directed an adaptation of *The Mikado*; Gil concentrated on the Robert W. Service poem, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*; and I took charge of the *Punch and Judy* show. Each of these plays, we thought, would appeal to a different segment of the school population, so that interest could be maintained from grade one to high school during the one-and-a-quarter hour show.

In that hectic ten days before the tour we rehearsed and built all the equipment. Because of the shortness of time we used hand-puppets, which have no legs, the puppets being operated from below by a hand within the puppet's body. Our stage consisted of a folding scaffold which, when set up and covered with the proscenium and the front and side curtains, stood six and a half feet high and seven feet across. The four of us were jammed into a space backstage of about four by five feet. We often wondered whether the audience would have been more interested in our gyrations backstage than in the show itself. A lighting system and a sound system (a borrowed record player and a consol radio with a 14" speaker) completed our equipment. To transport it and ourselves, we had bought a 1940 Nash, on the top of which was anchored a box large enough to carry most of the equipment, the scaffolding being placed on top of this box and a tarpaulin covering the whole affair. The car was equipped to sleep in, the idea being to billet the girls while the boys would stay in the car to save expenses. As it worked out, the car was used only occasionally for sleeping quarters.

And so to the tour proper. The week before we had played in several Edmonton schools, so that the shows now had some polish, and we had some experience; but even so, this first day of the tour proper was to us the most exciting of the trip. We began by taking a rough gravel road instead of the pavement which we could have used, and to which we returned suddenly after ten jolting miles. In Redwater, our first stop, we put on two shows in the morning, then started out for Radway. The main road having been banned, we got directions at the hotel concerning a side road that was possibly open. Starting out hopefully, we were mired in the mud before we left town. All our efforts to get out proved useless; raw brawn had failed. Then the girls took over. They stepped across the street and five minutes later returned triumphant. Not only did they bring back a bulldozer, but they also managed to get us into a convoy of cars which was going out to inspect oil wells in the region. We got to Radway on time and put on the show. The girls' triumph was short-lived however, for, pessimistic over the state of the roads, they had neglected to bring all

their luggage. There was nothing to do but to return to Edmonton and set out early again the next day. On the way back into Redwater we passed the bulldozer which had helped us. It was mired in the mud at the side of the road. We decided then and there that things couldn't get worse. Little did we know.

On our return we discovered that the puppet schedule had been completed, and we spent the week-end preparing for the tour in the south of the province. As space does not permit a full description of the tour, only a few highlights can be noted. The outing took us about 3,500 miles in six weeks, and we played two school a day on the average. We went as far north as Newbrooke, sixty-five miles north of Edmonton; as far south as Lethbridge; as far west as Cremona and Sylvan Lake; and as far east as Irvine. In two weeks we covered central Alberta.

Most of it was a race against time; and, although we became inured to the marathon, one incident stands out particularly in my memory. Because of a change in schedule, our itinerary had us playing Irvine, twenty-one miles east of Medicine Hat, in the morning, and Bassano, 120 miles west, in the afternoon. The night before we stayed in Medicine Hat, and early the next morning set out for Irvine. To our horror we discovered that the entire stretch of road to Irvine was under construction—and it had been raining for several days. Nevertheless, we plowed through and presented our show. Then we were informed that Irvine had prepared a banquet for us—with another show in three hours and one hundred and twenty miles to travel in the rain. We could not refuse and sat down to eat with inward misgivings. The meal went on interminably, but we finally got away and dashed for Medicine Hat. By this time the rain was coming down in sheets. We breathed a sigh of relief when we finally drove onto the new four-lane Trans-Canada highway just outside Medicine Hat—but relief soon turned to dismay. The car, in overdrive and overloaded, refused stubbornly to go over forty miles an hour on the long incline west of Medicine Hat. Mile after mile went slowly by while time ticked inexorably on. Then we were over the incline and our speed increased—only to be slowed again. The new road was too new; we hit construction again. We struggled grimly on and finally came to Bassano—five minutes before the show was scheduled to begin. The children were already waiting for us. Fortunately, we were able to drive the care into the building adjoining the hall, and with a stream of children handing us the equipment we put the show on in time. But misfortune dogged our footsteps. A faulty connection plunged *Dan McGrew* into darkness, and for the rest of the show the janitor had to hold the wires together. As we packed afterward, it was discovered that we had lost a hubcap. All in all, it was not one of our better days. In fact from the standpoint of travelling, this day was only exceeded by our excursion to Bashaw, which saw us stuck in the middle of a highway after midnight and rescued by the Stettler bus.

The weather plagued us. For two weeks it was sunny. Then following a show in Taber, the rains came. From that point until the end of the tour it rained almost continuously. Everything in the show became damp, the car, the puppets, the stage, and ourselves. Each caught heavy chest colds, which interfered with our acting. Mud and tour were becoming synonymous. We had to take long detours at times to

reach some of the points, and consequently ran up against the old enemy time. All was not clear sailing.

But with the troubles, there was a springling of amusing episodes. Okotoks was the scene of one. The hall was small there, so that we had to do two shows one morning. We were tired—having driven to Calgary from Edmonton the day before, arrived late, and started early for Okotoks. Consequently, with the first show over, we were less tense and feeling relaxed. Our show begins with the fairy tale, *Boots*. The setting for this play is the throne room of a king's palace. I was playing the king and did not come on stage until a few minutes after the curtain had been raised. I was not watching the action, just wasting a few minutes before. Consequently, I was startled when Gil and Sheila, who played the herald and the princess at the opening of the play, broke out into suppressed giggles. I cast a reproachful look in their direction, which served only to inspire a new attack of hilarity. Finally, my entrance cue gasped out, I strode on as the king, moving my puppet toward the throne—only to discover that the throne was not there. Instead, squatting at one side of the stage and glowing wickedly under the lights was the huge four-poster bed that belonged in the *Punch and Judy* set. We had forgotten to change the set during intermission. Seating the king on the bed, I managed to sputter out something to the effect that he was sorry that a guest had to be received in the bedroom, but the princess had become so intolerable that the maids had quit and the throne room was in no shape to receive visitors. Then I too succumbed; and when Clara's puppet came on stage a moment later, all four of us writhed in silent and not-so-silent mirth. I have since wondered what the audience thought when they saw the stage jerking to and fro, the puppets weaving drunkenly around the set, the king sinking below the bed, the guest appearing to clamber up the curtains, the princess swaying and turning her back to the audience, and the herald sinking to a point where only the feather on his cap could be seen shaking convulsively. Not only that, the line acquired new and sinister meanings which only added to the hilarity. The children did not understand, but the teachers did. Standing stiffly at the back of the hall, they were not amused. The subsequent conversations between the teachers who saw the first show and those who saw the second must have been most interesting.

One of the most striking features of the tour was the way in which most of the school children—and some of the teachers too—came to think of the puppets as real beings. Our original intention to let each play reach a certain level of audience proved itself in the case of the *Mikado*, which went over the heads of the primary grades; but even there the children maintained rapt attention. We found also that attention was usually varied in direct proportion to the amount of discipline in the school and to any distracting circumstances. In one school, we played in an auditorium which was only partially completed; in fact, the carpenters were still working in the next room. Coupled with the chattering of the children, this arrangement allowed only every third word to be heard, and that indistinctly. Sometimes, if the audience got out of hand, we instituted a form of discipline ourselves during the performance. For example, in one town some of the children would not stop chattering during *Boots*. Suddenly, in the middle of the action, the king seated on his

throne, drew himself up and with regal authority shouted "Silence!" There was not a sound for the rest of the show.

At another school, more drastic action was taken. For three of the shows some of the intermediate students had been doing some heckling. Since the audience was composed of students from grades five to twelve, we decided that it was safe to let ourselves go in *Punch and Judy*. The ending of *Punch and Judy* is eerie even when played for comedy, with a Senecan ghost and the devil. This time we played it as stark tragedy. The audience hushed immediately when the first hollow (and heart-felt) groan of the ghost sank in. And when the devil appeared in a flash of red light with a wisp of steam behind him, his green face half-concealed in the folds of his blood-red cloak, his eyes glittering horribly, and thunderously rasped "Mr. Punch", there was pandemonium in the audience. It took several minutes to settle them, and for the remainder of the show they were completely docile.

There are many more tales that could be related about the tour; how we changed characterizations to keep our own interest up; the amusing mishaps that would occur during the show; the schools which were all built to one design, one design for the north, one for the south, the fact that we could always find a school by going to the north-east corner of a town; the incredible stages and auditoriums, like the one with the loose panel which swung over a swamp under the stage.

The things which impressed us most were the people and the countryside. I had never been in central and southern Alberta. As the tour progressed, we noted the infinite varieties of landscape which lay within the compass of the province, from the evergreens of the north to the wheatland of the prairies; from the bald prairie around Medicine Hat to the rolling hills and plains of the Stettler region and the badlands at Drumheller. What made the variation even more emphatic was that we made the tour during the spring and could see things actually turning green in a way that cannot be appreciated in a city.

The tour was a success. From a financial point of view we all made more money than we had expected or had any right to expect. From the point of view of getting to know the people who live in Alberta, the value of the tour was priceless. Everywhere we went people were kind and helped in whatever way they could—as did the Catholic hospital at Radway which provided the girls with a night's lodging; or the Reverend Karpoff and his family at Stavely who made us at home there; or Mrs. Gentleman in Lethbridge, who not only gave us a place to stay over the week-end, but also arranged an extra show in Lethbridge. The Indian school at Brocket, as one of our side-trips, was another memorable experience. Everywhere the school children and the teachers gave us a warm and open welcome; even when we arrived late because of a faulty schedule, as at Taber, which had to return two hundred children to another school when we did not arrive until late afternoon.

We were exhausted by the tour, and sick to death of mud and rain and the race against time, but, if we had to do it over again, there wouldn't be a moment's hesitation.



TRAIL BLAZERS



W. E. Bowser '30, '32, with Pakistan Students

W. E. Bowser, senior pedologist with the Dominion Experimental Farm Service, has recently returned from a year's leave of absence in which he served with the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization in East Pakistan. He was a member of a six-man team working on land reclamation in the Indus Valley.

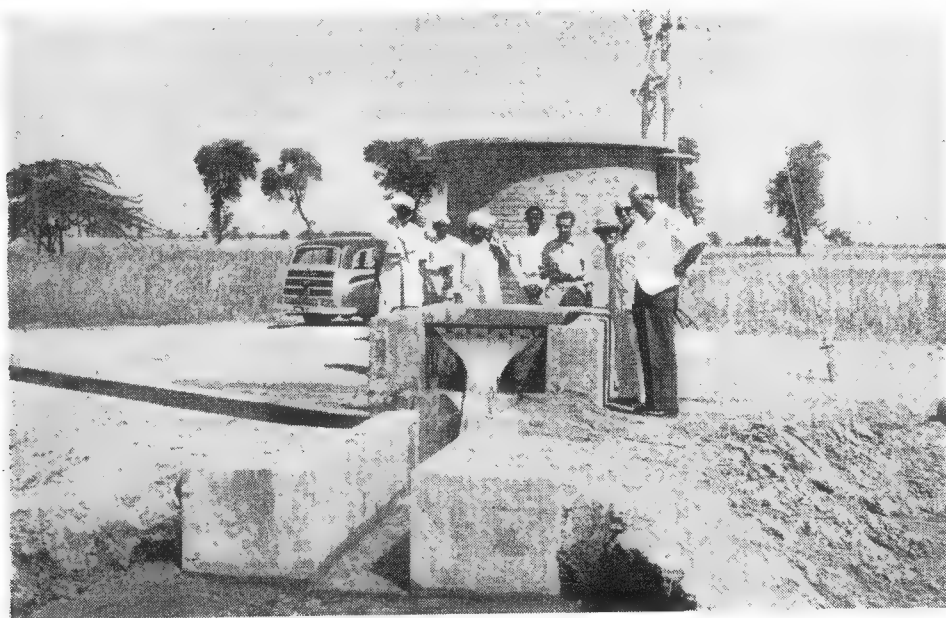
The problem under study by the team was one of water—too much water on the one hand and not enough on the other. The Indus Valley is a large alluvial plain whose fifteen million acres of irrigated land provide for a population of 120 people per square mile. About two million acres of this land have been damaged in varying degrees by salinity and are now largely out of production. Normally the waters of the Indus and its tributaries would drain out to sea, but with continuous irrigation more water goes into the underground basin than can drain away, with the result that the water table is rising, moisture rises to the surface by capillary action and produces salt on the surface, thus rendering the land unsuitable for agriculture.

The problem is to find a means of lowering the water table and also of washing out the salt. A third phase of the difficulty revolves about the shortage of water, since the river becomes very low in the dry season and there is no way of storing water on the level plain. This condition could be remedied by building dams on the upper reaches of the river but these lie in the disputed territory of Kashmir. Hence the Pakistanis must not only get rid of the underground water but at the same time find an additional source of water for irrigation.

Mr. Bowser's team was engaged, in co-operation with the local Pakistan engineering authority, in experimenting with a system of wells which would pump out the underground water, thus lowering the water table. This water, which has a high salt content, could then be mixed with the regular supply and be used to irrigate and also to wash salts out of the soil. The aims of the project were to find out how many such wells could be dug, to conduct soil surveys and land classification, and to train Pakistanis to carry on the work once the experimental stage should be completed.

The team, which comprised specialists from England, South Africa and the United States, boasted two Albertans, Mr. Bowser and E. A. Olafson, a drainage engineer from Medicine Hat, now with the P.F.R.A. at Vauxhall.

Mr. Bowser brought back with him a Pakistan student who studied soil survey work for a month on a Colombo fellowship. In addition he trained nine Pakistanis during his year's work in Lahore. When he left, the F.A.O. program was nearing completion and the second phase of the work had begun with the aid of the Colombo plan and the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, which will put the plan on a semi-developmental basis. Later, if the operation works well, Pakistan will carry it through to completion with the aid of the world bank.



Mr. Bowser (centre) at Well Site

Mr. Bowser has a strong admiration for the Pakistan people, whom he found industrious, proud and strongly individualistic. They are battling many serious problems in trying to establish their country. Besides land reclamation, they are faced with a high illiteracy rate. Funds for education are limited since, as long as the trouble with India remains unsettled, the country must devote half of its budget to defence. At the time of partition Pakistan was left poorer than India. It had no capital and very few trained administrators since, under British rule, few Moslems had attained top positions in civil service. Moreover, their leader, Jinnah, died soon after partition.

In spite of many difficulties they have carried on and maintained a reasonable outlook. Religion does much to minimize the threat of communist influence, but living standards of all but the fortunate few are so low as to constitute a danger. Such projects as the F.A.O. land reclamation scheme, in helping to produce more food for hungry peoples, are helping to keep countries like Pakistan in the democratic fold.

Mr. Bowser is an old friend of *The New Trail*, having been alumni treasurer for many years. He graduated in Agriculture with his B.Sc. in 1930 and an M.Sc. in 1932. His wife also is a graduate in Commerce, 1928, and his daughter now a student in Home Economics. Mr. Bowser has returned to his post in charge of soil survey work in Alberta for the Dominion Experimental Farm Service.



University Engages Nine New Teachers

Nine new teaching appointments, including one to the newly-created post of assistant professor of geophysics, were announced recently by the University of Alberta.

Dr. George Garland, formerly of the University of Toronto, will teach geophysics under the direction of the department of physics. Geophysics is the science dealing with the physical properties and forces of the earth.

A native of Lubeck, Germany, Dr. Curt Hoehne will join the department of anatomy. Eugen Weber, a graduate of Cambridge University, will lecture in history.

In the department of biochemistry, Mrs. Mary Spencer will become assistant professor. Dr. William Wallace is leaving private business in New Jersey to join the department of chemistry. George Ball, last year on a Canadian government northern survey team at Fort McMurray, will join the department of entomology.

Formerly a member of the staff of the University of New Brunswick, Dr. Samuel Nelson will lecture in geology.

Dr. Charles Moore, who has studied at the Sorbonne, will lecture in French in the department of modern languages.

Appointed lecturer in social psychology is Lawrence Walker, who holds degrees from the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin.

My Encounters with Caribou

By E. O. HOHN

Rangifer arcticus—or Barren Ground Caribou.

I first set eyes on this striking animal while working in the western Arctic in 1949. At the time I was temporary medical officer for the Indian Health Service and an extensive trip lasting a week had to be made by plane to a number of different trading posts to assemble a group of Eskimos for hospitalization.

On the last day of August we were flying into Bathurst Inlet, in the course of this journey and on a flat peninsula extending into the inlet, I spotted them; a herd of about fifty caribou, most of them lying in the sun and probably chewing their cud and quite undisturbed by the passage of the plane. This was of course a mere glimpse, but a more intimate meeting followed the same day. Landing at Burnside Harbour, the trading post on the inlet, we were told that the natives we wanted could be found at Beechey Lake about another hundred miles inland. We circled this lake looking for signs of a camp in the apparently empty rolling tundra until at last we spotted smoke rising from a rocky hillside. With binoculars we were able to make out a tent. Our landing on the nearest lake brought us to shore opposite the camp. We made tea and waited for someone from the tent to come and visit us. We did not have to wait long. Two men put a boat into the water on the other shore and came paddling over. They did not speak English and none of our party spoke Eskimo, but they were happy to have tea and by means of the few phrases I had memorized for such occasions, we gathered that the people I wanted were in another camp at the south of the lake.

While this palaver was in progress a fine bull caribou appeared a short way off. It came grazing slowly towards the lake but soon disappeared behind a slight rise. One of our Eskimo friends had brought along a rifle and we returned to the plane to await further developments. The animal now reappeared and moved straight towards the natives, who took cover. When it stopped, the one with the rifle crept forward and started shooting from behind a rock pile. His first shot missed, but the second must have hit the caribou in the spine, for it fell and then managed to lift its head and rise on its forelegs. The Eskimo ran up and delivered the coup de grace with a handy rock, thus saving a shell. This was the last caribou I saw that summer.

Last year I was able to spend nearly three months on Banks Land, an island nearly as large as Ireland, lying about one hundred miles north of the Arctic coast. I was living as a paying guest with a halfbreed Eskimo family in the only settlement

Dr. E. O. Hohn, a staff member of the department of physiology at the university, is not a new contributor to *The New Trail*. Many of you will recall his poetic interpretation of "*To An Eskimo Grandmother*" which appeared in the Winter 1952 edition.

Recently he completed his second trip to the Arctic and while there spent three months engaged in scientific research of wildlife found on Banks Island. Success crowned his efforts and he returned with some 90 bird skins ranging all the way from sparrows to loons. A further 40 mammal skins and skulls completed the collection. Dr. Hohn is currently at work with T. H. Manning of the Defence Research Board preparing an account of birds found on the Island for publication as a bulletin of the National Museum of Canada.

on the island at Sach's Harbour. Here caribou was the staple food. On the Arctic islands the herds have no definite migrations but they are near the settlement in the fall. The carcasses of animals shot the previous fall are stored in an ice house. This was simply a pit about fifteen feet deep dug into the permanently frozen ground with a wooden lid weighed down with stones. The meat has an excellent venison-like taste. We ate it in every possible form—roasted, fried, boiled, and made into what we called a chowder. On our seal-hunting trips out on the sea ice, we would chew dried caribou meat and drink tea made on the primus stove carried in a grub box on the sled. Although we had it frequently and in quantity, I never tired of it.

On the last day of May we made a trip by dogsled to the great snow goose breeding colony about forty miles from the settlement. On this trip I saw my first caribou on the island. Three other sleds had set out before us and I travelled with Pat Herschel. Pat is about my age and just about as poor a shot. He joked that he had never got married as he was too poor a hunter to provide for a family. It was a wintery landscape and I was by no means warm although I wore two pairs of trousers.

Late in the afternoon we spotted a caribou on the snow. At this time of the year they have no antlers, and its head looked much like that of a calf. Pat was eager that I should shoot the animal, which was approaching, probably out of curiosity. However, this was easier said than done. My rifle was in a canvas carrying case down in the sled. While I was pulling and tugging to get it out, Pat was cursing and swearing at the dogs. They had caught the scent of the caribou and were about to rush it. At last I was ready. The sled rail seemed to offer the best gun rest and from here I aimed. It would have been better had I lain in the snow, for the dogs kept shaking the sled and all my shots went wild. Finally the animal tired of so much attention and trotted off.

I was to hear more about this from Pat that night at camp. He took extreme pleasure in recounting how the doctor had missed a caribou which was so close you could count its eyelashes.

Down in the valley where the geese were nesting we noticed another three caribou on the river flats. After camp was pitched I went after them. Pat reported that they were tame. Just after our arrival, when we spread out to hunt geese, he had come close enough to fire at them quite ineffectively with his shotgun. However, after this experience they maintained a discreet distance from me.

After I'd followed them for a while, Pat came along with the dog team and we pursued them over the side hills of the valley. Pat expected that I would stand up and fire from the sled going at full pelt, while I hoped to jump off if we ever got within reasonable range. However, they kept well ahead of us and finally disappeared over a ridge. I decided to follow on foot and caught sight of them again about a quarter of a mile away. This time I lay down and took careful aim. At the crack of the gun, one of the caribou gave a jump but then trotted on and out of range along with the others. However, it was hit, for my binoculars showed blood on its hind legs. After this inconclusive effort, which would probably end with the wounded animal falling prey to a wolf, I gave up the chase.

Then in July I was walking to a point on the coast named Mary Sachs, where a vessel by that name had come to grief during the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-18. Coming back along the top of the coastal hills, I suddenly noticed four caribou. These had antlers two to three feet long, still in the velvet, a remarkable rate of growth since all the animals seen six weeks earlier had no trace of horns.

I was carrying a small-gauge shotgun for bird-collecting purposes, so left them in peace. On returning to the settlement, I told the others about the animals and two of the young men set out to hunt them.

I went along with a movie camera this time, but they didn't show up that evening although we went back as far as Mary Sachs.

The following day the hunters bagged three of the four. It was one of these that served as a model for the front cover.



RECENT MARRIAGES

Dalton C. MacWilliams, '50, to Maureen A. Byrne
Peter Smart to Jean Elizabeth Brickman, '51
Raymond C. Anderson to Joyce R. Love, '52
William Taylor Cromb, '54, to Beverley I. Nicholson, '54
Stanley Ray to Pauline C. Sutermeister, '51
Earl Lomas, '50, to Dorothy Livingstone, '52
James Lawrence Way, '48, to Martha Kochalyk, '51
Donald L. Simmermon to Patricia J. Kerr, '54
Rev. Douglas A. Greenough '49, to Marjorie M. Barton
Alexander Roshko to Gladys Griffin-Beale, '51
Sten S. Berg, '54, to Elspeth J. Loggie, '54
Quentin L. Mix, '52, to Alice Shymko
Samuel Hardin, '50, to Selma D. Hamilton
Erwin Giebelhaus to Jeannine Audre Liden, '53.
Neville N. Lindsay, '50, to Sheila L. Machum
Thomas Jackson, '53, to Joan I. Henderson
George Lynch-Staunton, '50, to Mary V. Sterling, '46
Peter M. Nettleton, '53, to Marilyn L. Hymas, '53
Benjamin A. Greenfield, '49, to Nita M. Beamish, '53
William M. E. Boytzun, '52, to Alberta M. Byers, '51
John Ross Higgin to Audrey E. Gardiner, '52
Walter Baydala to Stella Krawiec, '53
Kenneth A. Millions to Florence I. Long, '51
David A. Eagleson, '49, to Joanne J. Ruttle
Dr. Anders V. Calhoun, '51, to Rita Dickson, '54
Dr. Robert F. Scott, '49, to Gwendolyn A. Bailey



Whiskeyjack . .

The Morning the University Vanished

"Very well", said Whiskeyjack.

"Very well—think away the university. Think it away. Let's start with—what shall we start with? The new library?"

Our truculent visitor shrugged unbelieving shoulders.

As for me—well, neither of us took Whiskeyjack's words seriously. I should have known better.

"Look", commanded Whiskeyjack.

He was pointing towards the Rutherford Library. Our eyes followed his finger to the red brick building and no sooner had they done so than—at the very moment—it began to dissolve, as if the spring rain were washing it way.

"Y'see, said Whiskeyjack. Look—it's not there is it?"

In its place was mere vacancy.

A second ago the rain was splashing the substantial red walls of the library. Now the rain fell on an empty lot—on green weeds and puddles.

"But—" gasped our visitor.

"Well", said Whiskeyjack, "we've thought it away. What shall we think away next?"

There was at this moment a telephone call.

Whiskeyjack picked up the receiver. He smiled. "Someone wants the Reference Room in the library. It is the Mayor's office. The Mayor wants to know how Nova Scotia got its name."

"But", Whiskeyjack announced into the receiver, "there isn't a university library any more."

He hung up.

"And—", he said, turning to us, "there won't be a university in short time—since we've decided to think it away, haven't we?" He looked at our visitor.

Our guest was non-plussed.

He was an energetic man of about fifty-five years of age. He had smooth hands and a harsh voice.

"I'm a self-made man", he told Whiskeyjack as he introduced himself. He spoke as if no one could assume that title unless he had made a cool million.

"I'm a self-made man", he said, "and you know all about self-made men who forget to finish the upper storeys. Well, I haven't made that mistake." He had, he told us, attended university. But for him it had been sheer waste of time. He had hired tutors. But finally he had buckled down to the task of teaching himself. Since the war he had mastered many languages—French, Italian, Russian, Latin and Greek.

"Then", said Whiskeyjack, "you know the value of universities".

"I do", the man said, butting a cigarette. "They are useless, completely useless."

"And no one would miss the University of Alberta if it weren't there?"

"No."

"Very well—let's think it away".

And that is precisely what Whiskeyjack did.

Building by building. The only structure left on the campus was the Students' Union Building in which we were standing.

"I am reminded", I said facetiously. "of what my father old Patrick remarked when my mother had the trees around our home cut down."

"It lets in a great deal more light", he told my mother. "But what is light but glare in the eyes? I prefer shade you can see in".

"Look", said Whiskeyjack, with mixed delight and horror at what he had done. "Look, even the residences are gone."

"Even Pembina is gone", I thought.

The telephones were ringing all over the building. "Let them alone", commanded Whiskeyjack.

"The world's a better place now, isn't it?" he asked our friend.

"Much better", was the laconic reply.

"And the university won't be missed?"

"Nobody will miss it."

"It'll be missed all right", said Whiskeyjack. "In fact, it's all ready missed. If I'm not mistaken, it's all ready being missed by our civic and provincial authorities."

Policemen on motor cycles were moving about the buildingless campus. The military had been alerted. We saw a military vehicle reconnoitring. A Red Cross

unit appeared. And a Civil Defense squad. Military aircraft could be heard above. I swear there was a burst of machine gun fire.

It was only a matter of minutes before the police and the military entered the Students' Union Building. They did so with commendable caution.

"You will have to leave", said an official of the government to us. "The area is being evacuated."

"What's up?" asked Whiskeyjack.

"It's another Pearl Harbour", said the government official.

"Nonsense", said our guest. "It is Whiskeyjack who is responsible."

The government official turned angrily.

"Please. It is not a time for levity. This is the most terrible disaster that has ever happened to Edmonton and Alberta. Fortunately, most of the faculty are away. But those in the buildings—there's not a trace of them left. And we believe the Board of Governors was to meet in the council chamber this morning."

"It is Whiskeyjack who is responsible", said our guest. He recounted to the official what had happened.

"Is this the truth, Whiskeyjack?", the official asked.

"Substantially the truth", Whiskeyjack replied.

"But", said the representative of the government, "how could you think of thinking away the University of Alberta? It is monstrous. Whoever would think of such a thing?"

"Many would", said Whiskeyjack.

"You are under arrest for treason", said the official. Two policemen flanked Whiskeyjack.

"Patrick will support my evidence", said the self-made man.

"It seems to me", I said after some hesitation, "that if Whiskeyjack could think away the university, then he can think it back again."

"I could", Whiskeyjack admitted.

"Then you must do so at once", said the official.

"No".

"A clean sweep has been made of things", Whiskeyjack explained; "and since that's so, we ought to take advantage of it."

"You must restore everything exactly as it was", said the official.

"Then", said Whiskeyjack, "the government doesn't want to improve the university?" The cup of hemlock had been placed in his hand. Socrates relished it.

But a policeman interrupted. "Telephone for you, sir", he told the official.

"I ask only one thing," I told Whiskeyjack. "Twist the Rutherford building around so that scholars in the library stacks aren't fried like chips in a solar frying pan."

The official came back.

"And does the government want everything restored as it was—or better than it was?"

"The government of Alberta", said the official, "has always been proud of our university. And they want the best possible university."

"It is a first principle", said Whiskeyjack, "that we mustn't do for others what

they can do for themselves." A short flight took him to the window. The rain had subsided. The sun was shining. A bird was singing. We followed Whiskeyjack to the window. Looking out of it, we saw a majestic sight. We saw the university returning. Building by building. In procession.

We hurried out on to the campus.

As we reached the Arts and Science building, we found the President and the Board of Governors leaving by the entrance. The board meeting, apparently, was over. The board members were chatting as they left. They did not know that for a full hour they had ceased to exist. Neither did they know that the university had ceased to exist. They were surprised at what the authorities felt bound to tell them.

"There", said Whiskeyjack, "is the university just as it was. You, gentlemen", he said, turning to us, "have thought a new and better university into being. It is up to you to choose between the two."

"For", he added, "there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so'".

—G.P.

* * *

FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY BURSARIES

1954

ARTS AND SCIENCE

Bernard Q. Elliot, Calgary, Alberta.

Lucy G. Seneshen, Smoky Lake, Alberta.

COMMERCE

Gordon Bennett Hudson, Claresholm, Alberta.

DENTISTRY

Daniel J. Classen, St. Gregor, Saskatchewan.

Gordon Alan Deane, Edmonton, Alberta.

EDUCATION

Shirley Ann Aldrich, Edmonton, Alberta.

Audrey K. Chaba, Redwater, Alberta.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS

Edith Stern, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEDICINE

Donald Martin Downie, Edmonton, Alberta.

David Ronald Johnston, Lloydminster, Alberta.

NURSING

Not awarded.

FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION BURSARIES 1954

Peter M. Huculak, Box 156, Willingdon, Alberta.

John McGillvray Johnson, 330 - 12 St. S., Lethbridge, Alberta.

NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

	Mr. T. V. Berto, Edmonton	
	Mr. Horace Campbell, Edmonton	
	Mr. James Taylor, Edmonton	
	Walk-Rite Limited, Edmonton	
	Mr. T. W. Pue, Edmonton	
	Mr. H. S. Baltzan, Edmonton	
	Mr. R. W. Chapman, Edmonton	
	Hudson Bay Co. Ltd., Edmonton	
	The Moore Printing Co., Edmonton	
	O.K. Construction and Supply, Edmonton	
	Stan Melton, Edmonton	
	Mr. Walter Dmitroca, Calgary	
	Mr. Elmer E. Roper, Edmonton	
	Mrs. C. A. Brine, Edmonton	
	Mr. Merrill E. Wolfe, Edmonton	
	Mr. Walter M. Kerr, Edmonton	
	Mr. H. McMahon, Edmonton	
	Mr. Anton J. Bures, Calgary	
	Mr. J. E. Sydie, Edmonton	
	Mr. F. A. Brownie, Calgary	
	Mr. G. R. A. Rice, Edmonton	
	Miss Mabel L. Geary, Edmonton	
	The Edmonton Produce Co., Edmonton	
	Parker Sportswear, Edmonton	

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe a sum proportionate to their means to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscription.—Ed.

• • •

Winners of U. of A. National Awards

The recipients of the University of Alberta's national awards in letters for 1954 were announced recently. They went to Miss Frances Loring, Toronto, in painting and related arts; Ettore Mazzoleni, Toronto, in music; and Bernard Keble Sandwell, Toronto, the award in letters. Miss Loring was at the Banff School of Fine Arts for the presentation ceremony.

• • •

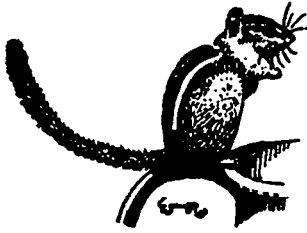
Possible Changes in Campus Layout

Some reorientation of building plans at the University of Alberta will probably result from a recent report submitted by L. A. DeMonte, University of California resident architect, who surveyed the campus this summer.

A major aspect of the report suggests changing the view of the campus as a whole. This would govern the layout of future buildings.

One of the long-term suggestions is that the "great quadrangle" immediately east of the three residences be "closed" by buildings at the north and south ends.

• • •



the chipmunk

No sooner is the voice of the bulldozer stilled on one part of the campus than it breaks forth in another. Nevertheless, in spite of so much construction the grounds people do a truly marvelous job of turning ugly clay and rubble into lovely green lawns and shrubs, a cool and pleasant place conducive to "a green thought in a green shade".

Our handsome new Agriculture Building is ready for formal opening at Fall Convocation. The new quarters for the Provincial Laboratory are now well started in late summer, and the new Cancer Clinic is beginning to show above the boarding. Now we learn that, after much ado, the northern Alberta auditorium is to be located on the campus just west of the rink. No doubt this site will not meet with everyone's approval but we who live on and near the campus may be forgiven for feeling a little smug.

Earlier in the year a survey of the campus was made by Dr. L. A. DeMonte, University of California resident architect. Mr. DeMonte's report has not yet been made public but the president has revealed that it recommends a general re-orientation of the campus so that the front door of the university should be on 87th Avenue rather than, as at present, on 112th Street. Another suggestion contained in the report is that the open space east of the residences be closed in by buildings. We understand that there will probably be a building in the middle of the south end and buildings at the north end, leaving the central area as a quadrangle. If a new administration building is built it would probably be located immediately south of the residences. All this long-term planning makes no mention of what we do with the huts which, like the world, are still too much with us.

The approach of a new fall term brings news of a number of new courses and changes in

existing ones. A new director has been appointed in the School of Commerce and consideration is being given to a revision of the course to provide for specialization in either accounting or business administration. It is felt that a three-year course is inadequate as a professional qualification in accounting, and there is also a demand for more emphasis on business administration. Accordingly there is a possibility that the Bachelor of Commerce course will be extended to four years instead of the present three. Students would take the same subjects in the first two years, and specialize in the third and fourth years in either accounting or business administration. Changes, however, will not be implemented until 1955, when the new director takes office. Director of the School of Commerce and professor of business administration will be Professor B. A. Lindberg, now associate professor in the Harvard School of Business Administration. Professor Lindberg is an outstanding lecturer and has considerable experience as a consultant to a number of the larger corporations in the United States.

The University will have a School of Physiotherapy beginning this September. The school, which will be under the Faculty of Medicine, will be the first of its kind in Western Canada. Director of the new school will be Dr. J. R. Fowler, medical director of the Workmen's Compensation Board Rehabilitation Centre. There will be a senior physiotherapist and one or two additional instructors. The course will cover almost two years divided between study and practice training. Students will attend university from September to April, then spend three months at an approved hospital. This will be followed by a second term at university and a second two-month period at a hospital. Upon completion of the course they will be awarded diplomas in physiotherapy. Entrance

requirements will be the same as for bachelor of science degrees in nursing with the recommendation that a course be taken in grade 12 physics.

The department of physical education has been established as a school with **Dr. M. L. Van Vliet** as director. The change recognizes the importance of instruction in physical education and conforms to the practice in McGill and Toronto.

Statistics on this year's summer school reveal that there were 93 instructors, 80 courses and around 1,600 students. One hundred and forty of the latter were enrolled in the six-week teachers' course. Outstanding in a program of special events were lectures by Samuel Burkhardt of Arizona State, speaking on "The Great Experiment"; Dr. Ronald Longley of Acadia, on "Nova Scotia's Historical Valley"; and Dr. Edro Signori of U.B.C., on drug addiction. Piano and song recitals and a choral program as well as recorded programs of music and plays each Thursday evening in the library rounded out a busy session.

The university's national awards in the Fine Arts were presented this year to Miss Frances Loring, well-known Toronto sculptress, Dr. B. K. Sandwell, former editor of Saturday Night, and Dr. Ettore Mazzoleni, principal of the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Two distinguished Alberta graduates are members of a royal commission to study metropolitan planning, administration and financing at Edmonton and Calgary. Chairman of the commission is **Dr. G. Fred McNally**, who has been associated with the university in various ways since he registered in 1908.

Also appointed to the commission is **Mr. Percy G. Davies** of Clyde. Mr. Davies is the son of Arthur G. Davies, last mayor of Strathcona before amalgamation. A graduate in law, he became Canada's youngest member of parliament in 1932 when he won a by-election as a Conservative candidate for Athabasca at the age of 29. He subsequently practised law at Clyde for a number of years, becoming King's Counsel in 1942. Other members of the commission are Ivan C. Robison of Calgary, C. P. Hayes of Strome, and G. M. Blackstock of Edmonton.

At the Canadian Nurses' Association convention at Banff this summer one of their number

was a distinguished graduate, **Miss Agnes MacLeod** of Ottawa, who is director of nursing services for the Department of Veterans' Affairs. Miss MacLeod was the first director of the university school of nursing. In 1940 she went overseas, serving in England, France, Belgium, Sicily and Italy. She has held her present post since 1945. Miss MacLeod believes in university education for nurses and feels that eventually all schools of nursing should be conducted in conjunction with universities. She holds that the basic nursing course could be given in less than three years. This would help alleviate the shortage of nurses. She also favors a system of bursaries for students unable to finance training. She is at present working on a project for a system of team nursing whereby nursing assistants work with graduate nurses. This affords help to hard-pressed graduate nurses and ensures that assistants work always under supervision. She is also collaborating with the University of Western Ontario on a three-month postgraduate psychiatric nursing course. This allows D.V.A. nurses to take the course while receiving their regular salary. The course is open to outside nurses on payment of a tuition fee. Miss MacLeod directs nursing services in the eleven veterans' hospitals across Canada and supervises the five health and occupational centres and six veterans' homes under D.V.A.

When Edmonton celebrates its golden jubilee in October a feature of the celebrations will be an historical pageant, "Who Builds a City," by playwright **Elsie Park Gowan**. The pageant tells the story of Edmonton through the experiences of a fictitious Edmonton family who arrive in the city on charter day, October 8, 1904, and follows its fortunes through boom days, depression, war and oil rush to the jubilee celebration in 1954. Mrs. Gowan is an honors history graduate and is well known for her radio plays on western history.

A distinguished career in medicine which has already brought **Dr. R. C. Harrison** many honors, including the Frederick Banting Fellowship and the University of Toronto's Reeve Prize, has been further rewarded by the award of the 1954 Royal College of Surgeons of Canada medal. This award is given for the best work carried on in any of the surgical departments of Canada and has never before been won by a westerner. Dr. Harrison comes from Lamont and is married to the former Lorraine Gershaw

of Medicine Hat. He was associated in his work with another Alberta graduate, **Dr. Mc-Gregor Alton**, now taking advanced work in England.

David B. Mundy, a commerce graduate of

'40 and a member of Canada's permanent delegation to the North Atlantic Council in Paris, has been appointed director of the ammunition branch in the defence production department in Ottawa.

Practice Puttin' Green

The campus is to have its own putting green, located northwest of the Students' Union Building and covering an area of 2,500 square feet. For the diligent student this fall who rarely needs to study, he or she can make like Sammy Sneed on the nine holes before breakfast, weather permitting.

Mr. Knowles of the department of horticulture is planning the course and while he is about it is experimenting with eight strains of bent grass, the idea being to discover a golf grass that will stand up to our punishing winters.

If the student golfers are vocal enough, there's the possibility that a two or three hole "pitch and putt" might be added a little later.

* * *

Harvard Professor to Head School of Commerce

The appointment of a widely-known United States professor as director of the university's school of commerce and professor of business administration was announced recently.

The appointee is Mr. B. A. Lindberg, associate professor at the Harvard School of Business Administration, Cambridge, Massachusetts. He will commence duties on September 1, 1955.

In the interim period, Dr. F. G. Winspear, Edmonton, will serve as director of the school of commerce on a temporary basis. The school is being reorganized and, in the light of changed conditions, new emphasis is being placed on business administration.

IN MEMORIAM

A distinguished member of the medical fraternity, **Dr. Daniel G. Revell**, passed away recently at his home in Edmonton.

Dr. Revell had a remarkable career as a teacher, physician, surgeon, pathologist, analyst, criminologist, handwriting expert, research scientist, and author. He retired from the University in 1938 after teaching anatomy to hundreds of medical students now practising their profession across the continent.

A prominent Edmonton barrister for 32 years and former clerk of the district court, **Patrick M. Dunne**, '21, passed away recently.

One of several tragic drownings that took place this summer was that of **Dr. Lawrence A. Kickham**, '31, and his 15-year-old son Tommy. Their flat-bottomed boat capsized in Slocan Lake, 50 miles north of Nelson, B.C.

Leo Pekarsky, '29, Edmonton barrister for more than 20 years and a prominent worker in western Hebrew organizations, passed away recently at the age of 53. He was one of two Edmonton men honoured recently by the planting of a grove of 1,000 trees in Israel.

The legal profession suffered a further loss in the recent death of **James Roy Drysdale**, '12, who was a member of the first graduating class of the University.

» » Alumni Notes « «

1922

One of the major disappointments this summer was to have missed meeting **Mrs. R. J. Lowrie** (Margaret Archibald) when she was back visiting the campus after an absence of 30 years. Asked for her impression of changes that had taken place, she commented, "I'm amazed how well the old buildings have stood up."

During the course of a telephone conversation she imparted a most interesting bit of news. In New York City, where Mrs. Lowrie makes her home, a small core of interested and influential graduates from western universities are endeavouring to raise \$100,000 to erect a "Canada" house where alumni from the west might congregate in good fellowship.

1925

Dr. C. K. Johns, head of the department of food microbiology at the Dominion Experimental Farm in Ottawa, has moved into a brand new building. Writing to Registrar Geoff Taylor, he comments, "Our Ottawa branch has been really hibernating; not a meeting all year except for the annual picnic at the experimental farm." What goes, fellas?

Frank L. Grindley, formerly chief engineer of water resources for Alberta, has been appointed director of water resources for the province.

1926

We are pleased to record that **Neil Primrose** has been appointed to the bench of the trial division of the Alberta Supreme Court.

1927

Rev. Nelson T. Chappell, secretary of the World Council of Churches, and Mrs. Chappell have good reason to be proud of their son John, who was recently awarded the Worthington sword at the Royal Canadian Armored Corps School at Camp Borden, Ontario.

The sword is presented annually to the outstanding second-year cadet.

1930

Sorry we missed **Mrs. Harvey Dobson** (Jean Knowlan), who dropped in to the office one day during our noon hour. However, she did leave a note conveying her greetings and her

present address, 11425 Lagauchetiere Street, Montreal 5, P.Q.

1933

Frank J. Edwards of Edmonton was elected president of the Alberta Teachers' Association at their annual meeting this year.

1934

The University of Minnesota has awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Agricultural Economics to **V. A. Wood**, who has been attending summer sessions there while working toward his doctorate.

One of our graduates doing a great deal of "trail blazing" in the federal civil service is **James Allan Murray**, who has just been appointed director of organization and classification. We remember that while "A" was and is a busy man in Ottawa, he always had time to help chart the course of the capital branch of the U. of A. alumni association.

1936

Touring New York City's parks, museums, zoos, and boating on its rivers with a class of foreign-speaking children is only part of the busy schedule of **Janet Filipkowski**, who visited Edmonton this summer.

Miss Filipkowski has made child guidance her career since she left Edmonton five years ago. She has received her master's degree and is working on her doctorate in education at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Thank you, **Dr. Allan Conroy**, 24 Via Cheparro, San Rafael, California, for your very interesting note bringing us up-to-the-minute regarding the activities of alumni resident in and about the San Francisco Bay area:

"In Marin county, **Mrs. Eva (Hawkinson) Wire**, Nursing, Arts '45, is a surgical nurse at Marin General Hospital. Your correspondent is on the anaesthesiology staff of the three local hospitals. Marin is very much like Alberta in the summer—warm by day, cool by night—though there is no rain here from May to November.

Bill Cassels, Med. '28, is still senior anaesthesiologist at Mills Hospital in San Mateo, south of San Francisco.

Rosemary Gaboury, Arts '40, has been visiting relatives in San Francisco, having driven down from Edmonton with brother Paul. The big news is that Rosemary and myself are engaged to be married, probably some time around Christmas.

Paul Gaboury, Commerce '36, has his own wholesale lumber business in Walnut Creek, across the bay. Paul visited his family in Edmonton last July. He has two charming youngsters, Michael and Carol.

We saw **Mrs. Erik Baur** (Marjorie Christensen), H.Ec. '40, last week. She lives in San Carlos, down the peninsula from San Francisco. Her husband is an agent for a big steamship line here. Her address is 1441 Oakhurst, San Carlos, California."

1939

Mr. Lloyd F. Anderson, who has been living in England since graduation, returned to the campus in July and while touring dropped in for a chat with the Registrar, who very kindly passed the word along to us.

1940

David E. Lewis, who joined the staff of Imperial Oil as a solicitor in 1948, has since been named division solicitor for the company's producing division at Calgary.

Mr. Lewis is a major on the staff of the 18th Infantry Brigade, Canadian Army Reserve.

It was a real treat to hear recently from **Mrs. W. Bryan Van Blaricom** (Dilys M. Brown), who for the past two years has been resident in North Luffenham, England, where her husband, Van, is attached to the R.C.A.F. In her communique she says: "We have toured—American style—almost the whole country, getting a bird's eye view of a lot of places, a careful look at a favored few. We have collected booklets, pamphlets, plaques, pictures, etc., by the case. We've visited old castles, new castles, country houses, palaces, gardens, motor shows, air shows, Windermere and Loch Lomond. We have 'pitted our puny strength against the wind' at Land's End and waved toward home . . . the various alumni groups in London, sparked by the University of Toronto alumni, are making an effort to amalgamate over here. We couldn't get to the banquet and dance; Van's squadron always works at the crucial moment.

I am very glad to get The New Trail and keep track of old friends."

1942

It was a pleasure this summer to meet with the **Dr. Bradley Petts**, who were making one of their few "migrations" to the west. Their boys, Bob and Hughie, accompanied them and "Brad" combined business with pleasure by taking in the medical convention in Vancouver.

On vacation in Edmonton this summer en route from Peru to Ottawa, **Mr. John A. Dougan** and Mrs. Dougan described social life in Peru as gay if hectic.

Mr. Dougan is secretary and vice-consul at the Canadian Embassy and has been transferred to Ottawa. They do not know yet what appointment he will receive there, since Canadians serving their government's department of external affairs alternate service abroad with tours of duty at home to keep in touch with conditions in Canada.

A former member of the resident executive of the General Alumni Association, **Miss Ruth McClure** has been granted a scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh, where she will take further training for a year in child and maternal welfare. Up until the time of her departure, Ruth has been working for the Leduc-Strathcona health unit in the province.

1943

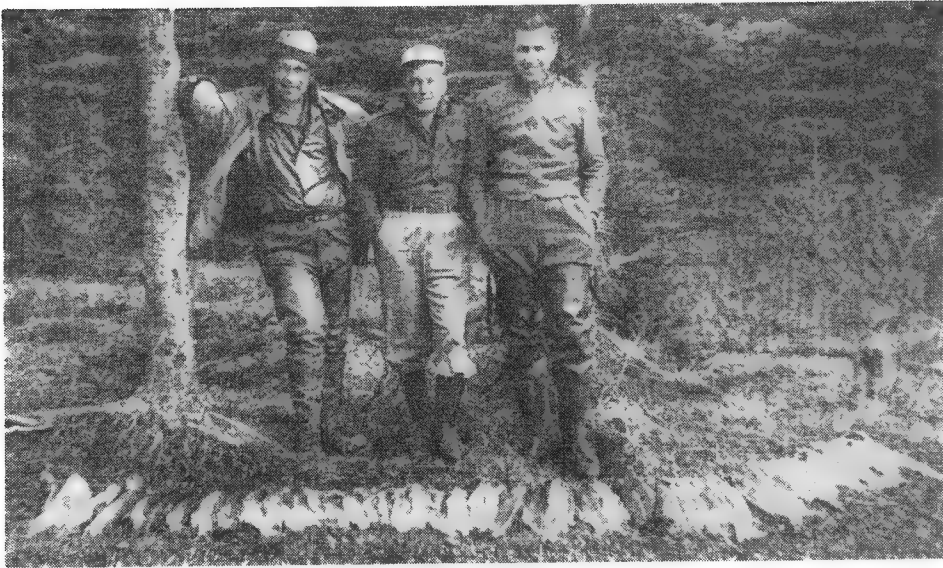
While attending summer school on the campus, **Dr. Grant Phipps** dropped in to say hello and we spent the best part of an hour discussing psychology. Grant met with a recent misfortune in Dawson Creek when his place of business was razed by fire. His present plans include a jaunt across the border to study psychosomatics in dentistry at one of the leading colleges.

1947

Anyone who has had to do with the planning and development of the Students' Union building will remember its prime mover, **Willard Pybus**.

"Bill" and his charming wife Vera paid us a brief call this summer before setting sail for London, England, where he will fill the position of assistant commercial secretary at the Canadian Embassy. His new duties in London town will be to encourage British participation in the government-sponsored Canadian International Trade Fair held annually in Toronto in June.

"Milwaukee is the queen of cities, and the same might be said of the state of Wisconsin,"



GOOD FISHIN'

Some people have all the luck, including your editor. This summer he was one of thirteen to hit the pack-horse trail into Marvel Lake near Banff, and a fisherman's paradise. In three days 132 Cutthroat lake trout were cajoled onto the end of a hook. Three of the more sparkling exponents of rod and reel are shown above, beaming over part of a day's catch. Left to right, Dr. Eardley Allin, '27; your editor, '48; and Robert Stollery, '49.

Somewhere, no doubt basking on a flat rock in the mountain fastness but unavailable for a picture, was a fourth Alberta graduate, Dr. Frank F. Law, '25.

says **Desmond B. Watt**, now with the Becker Meat and Provision Co. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Watt's duties there lie in the executive field, dealing with buying, quality control, public relations and cost control.

1948

The **Douglas Hazeltons** were on the campus during the summer and astounded your editor by remarking that there appeared to be only a few of their old graduate friends left in Toronto, the majority of them having returned to the golden west. The Hazeltons make their home in Welland, and "Doug" has acquired the formidable title of distribution transformer engineer with the Reliance Electric and Engineering Company there.

Alan Fraser Griffith has won the Lane Wells Company fellowship in petroleum engineering at the University of Oklahoma. The fellowship is worth \$1,200 plus \$300 for special project expenses.

One of our more conscientious correspondents, **H. V. Weekes**, reports that he has been transferred from the University of Toronto to Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Bruns-

wick, where he will be assistant professor of English.

1949

Ernest Walker has assumed the duties of assistant district agriculturist at Red Deer, Alberta.

William Henkel was recently admitted to the Alberta bar and intends to remain with the attorney-general's department.

Dr. R. Foster Scott has been awarded a National Research Council fellowship, which he will use to conduct research in pathology at the London Postgraduate School, Hammersmith Hospital, London, England.

1951

No doubt we will be hearing more from an honors chemistry graduate, **R. Keith Blackwood**, who has recently been awarded a \$3,960 Du Pont postgraduate fellowship at Perdue University, Indiana. Keith has been on the teaching staff of Perdue since graduation and will be working towards his doctor of philosophy degree this term. Right now he is president of the Perdue colony of Alpha Chi Sigma, the national professional chemistry fraternity.

NEWS from the branches

Vancouver

There's nothing too definite at the moment, but the balmy breezes from the west coast bring tidings of a rejuvenation of the alumni branch out there. It's quite apparent from the interest being shown that we shall be having something tangible to report in the next issue of **The New Trail**.

Ottawa

We had an interesting note from President Stan Young not so long ago to report that the "All-University Ball" held recently was a big success. Also that the annual picnic outing for alumni and their families was well attended.

Here's a date worth remembering—Monday, November 8th. Dr. A. G. McCalla, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture of the U. of A., will meet with alumni in the capital city that evening and bring the good word about your alma mater.

Lethbridge

Early in the spring your editor had the pleasure of meeting with several alumni in the southern city. We were a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Virtue (Irene is branch president). Following supper we motored to the Country Club for dancing. While there weren't too many in attendance, it was most encouraging to find that the present executive is taking time and putting effort into the business of holding regular alumni functions. Judging from the fun that was had at this one, they should be better patronized in the future.

Victoria

The Oak Bay Golf Club was the meeting place

recently for a special gathering of alumni on the Island.

Following dinner, Dr. Andrew Stewart, president of the university, spoke to some forty or fifty graduates about new developments and changes on the campus. Later, President and Mrs. Stewart renewed acquaintances with several retired members of the university staff now living in Victoria. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Edouard Sonet, Colonel and Mrs. E. H. Strickland, and Dr. F. G. Roe, who received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree at fall convocation, 1951.

Dental Alumni

The Edmonton District Dental Society met in Edmonton in September and the executive of the Dental Alumni Association took the opportunity of calling a business meeting following the banquet on the first night.

Unfortunately there were only a few present but a good measure of discussion and business ensued. The secretary pointed up the fact that membership in the Dental Alumni had dropped 50% over the year previous and that at the moment there were only 110 paid up out of a potential 360.

The matter of a falling off of interest and active participation in the association was scrutinized by the group and a number of very worthwhile suggestions were made. The man who will be spearheading the accomplishment of several of these in 1954-55 will be Dr. Sperry D. Fraser, Edmonton, newly-elected president.

1952

Two recent graduates in the field of engineering physics have been awarded fellowships by Stanford University.

Rudolph Eisentraut, '53, received the Westinghouse fellowship and **Harold F. L. Pinkney** the university honors fellowship.

We note from a recent despatch that **Violet King** was recently admitted to the Alberta Bar and as such becomes the second woman to practise law in Calgary. It is believed that "Vi" is the first woman lawyer of her race in Canada.

1953

One of our more enterprising young graduates made the front pages recently when his dark beard and rugged appearance attracted the attention of the Duke of Edinburgh during the latter's recent swing through the North country. **Donald Campbell**, a geologist at Fort Simpson, was one of those presented to the Duke, and the admiration was mutual.

1954

We are particularly pleased to announce that **David Birenbaum** has been awarded an English Electric fellowship admitting him to two years' study in Great Britain.



NEW LANDMARK In The Making...

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

STORE HOURS:

9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS:

9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

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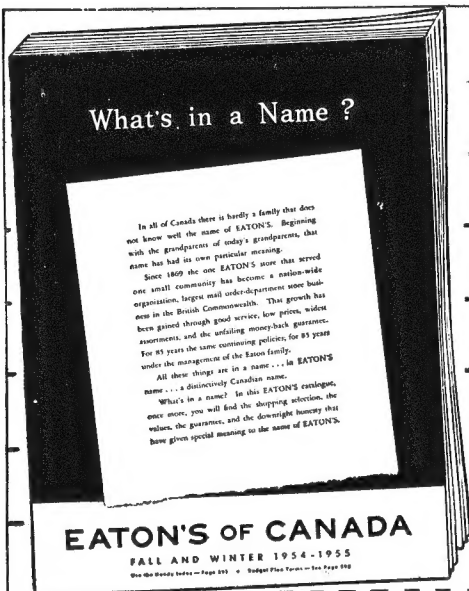
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Rangifer Arcticus
(Barren Ground Caribou)

Most of us have a general idea of the appearance of the Barren Ground Caribou shown on the front cover, for it is almost indistinguishable from the reindeer of northern Europe and Asia, made familiar through association with Santa Claus.

It is a grey-brown deer standing about 3½ feet at the shoulder. Both sexes carry antlers which are broad and flattened towards the tips, as is the moose. Palmated is the technical expression. One palmated tine projects forward from the base of each antler over the forehead and face, giving it a very characteristic appearance.

The Barren Ground Caribou inhabit all the Arctic islands of Canada as well as the mainland, from the Arctic coast to the tree line. Closely related types of caribou extend further south in the western mountains, and south of the Barren Ground Caribou's range the larger woodland caribou make their home.

The mainland Barren Ground Caribou migrate regularly in large herds from their summer home on the tundra to wintery grounds in the northern coniferous forest. In winter their range extends into the northeast corner of Alberta.